

The Messenger.

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1897.

POTPOURRI

Rev. Dr. Edward L. Pell, editor of the Bible Reader, an excellent monthly paper, and son of the late well known and highly respected Methodist preacher, Rev. William E. Pell, for years editor of the North Carolina Christian Advocate, is to publish some months hence, a work treating of negro slavery in the south and the relation of owners to their slaves. He is a native, we think of Raleigh, and his father before him was also a native of North Carolina. Dr. Pell is a young man of good abilities, and writes clearly and tersely and has many qualities that will fit him for the peculiar work he is undertaking. He will do a genuine service to the cause of humanity and truth by correcting some of the gross errors, misrepresentations and slanders that have been indulged in for generations by malicious or ignorant writers in the north. They have been either wholly ignorant of the real facts as to slavery or they have designedly misstated and magnified the true condition and the evils growing out of it. We do not stop to inquire at this late day why this has been done, but we know well that falsehoods have abounded, and Mrs. Stowe is responsible for much of the wrong impressions made upon easily receptive and credulous minds groping in darkness and not crying after the light. A writer in the Atlanta Constitution lately said, in remarks upon Dr. Pell's projected work:

"Malicious representations of the social conditions prior to the war in garbled fiction and milk and water history have been broadcasted in every section, and even the books placed in the southern schools are saturated with venomous injections of doctrines against the true sentiment of the section. The relations which have existed between slave and master throughout the south have been pictured in the most abhorrent light and all the ills that the prejudiced imagination of splenic writers could conjure up have been spread out to show the character of ante-bellum civilization."

Our gifted and pains-taking North Carolinian will do something doubtless to dispel the blackness of darkness now resting upon the minds of northern readers. It will do something, we hope, in mitigating the "horrors of slavery" which the imaginations of certain scribes "up there" have greatly intensified, and will serve as some corrective of the evils engendered by flamboyant rhetoric and vindictive villipendings. We hope Dr. Pell will find it in accord with his plan to tell how slavery was first introduced, by whom, how the African negro fared, why he was shipped south and so on. We have aforetime shed some light at this point and could add to what we have given if we really deemed it necessary. There are more downright hypocrisy, cruelty, selfishness, meanness and depravity attached to negro slavery in New England than the uninformed reader has ever dreamed of. The statistics of New England furnish the evidence that is overwhelming. The people "up there" sent out their slave ships, forced the Africans from their native homes, sold them into slavery, treated them most shamefully, even inhumanly, got rid of them so soon as they became profitless, and selling them to the southern whites began the abolition war that brought forth such cut-throat devils as old John Brown and culminated in one of the most stupendous wars that ever shook a continent. All this has been established and can be shown again.

We briefly referred to Dr. Weir Mitchell's last novel "Hugh Wynne." It is pronounced by Mr. James MacArthur, one of the editors of the New York Bookman, to be "a great American Novel." Others in the north have written in a high strain of laudation of its merits. While we have not read perhaps the last quarter or third of it, we have read enough to learn something of its true character and purities. It is a virile production, well wrought, and with more or less of the art of the genuine historical novelist. It is no doubt what is claimed for it, one of the very best of American historical romances. It treats with skill and effectiveness of certain phases of the great revolution of the last century for liberty and independence. It gives a clearly developed picture of life in and around Philadelphia before the war and during the war. Its characters are exceedingly well drawn with a firm hand and harmonious coloring. We would say it was a fine success as a whole, and if not a truly "great" novel, at least an enjoyable, artistic and vigorous presentation of times pregnant with striking events and mighty issues. In connection with it the great Thackeray's one American novel, "The Virginians," is mentioned, but no writer has pretended to contend that the novel of the Philadelphia equals the

master's great picture of American early life and its romantic history. Mr. MacArthur well discriminates here and says justly that it is "strange that this great novel should be the work of an Englishman." He is so clear and sound and felicitous in his note of praise we must copy at some little length:

"In The Virginians we have the best model of what an American novel laid on broadlines of human life and dealing with the periodic movements of its history should be. In the wide sweep of The Virginians, extending from Washington's enlistment before Braddock's defeat to the resignation of Washington after the seven years' war, in its picturesque presentation of the contrasts of life in the Old World and in the New; in its portrayal of Virginian colonial life and character; in its subordination of the historic trend to the social aspects of life in the two countries; still more in its faithful portrayal of the young Virginian, in whom Thackeray's sane art found a fit subject for the blending of human weakness and strength, of foibles, of temperament and conduct, with nobility of character and high endeavor—in these essentials Thackeray's great novel stands unapproachable by anything that has since been written. There is one great scene in the last chapter where with a few strokes Thackeray painted one of his undying pictures. It is when the general lays down his victorious sword and meets his comrades of the army in a last adieu."

What has been complained of in "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker" is the elaborations of description of life in Philadelphia prior to the immortal struggle. We found this part every way as entertaining as the portion read after the hostilities began. The local life, the pictures of men and women, their manners, foibles, thoughts, discussions, passions, were singularly abounding and full of freshness and strength. It is autobiographical and the method adopted is perhaps not the best, not the most artistic, but it is free and true and live enough to give us very interesting scenes, episodes, character drawing, and clever expressions of craftsmanship. It is a work well deserving to be read because of its clear style, its skillful treatment of an impressive theme, its romantic incidents, its artistic grouping and coloring, its virility and fidelity of touch.

It may interest some readers of this to have a glimpse of what critics say of this American novel so good among the best of its kind. Mr. H. W. Mabie is a writer of most scholarly English and is an American critic of deserved high reputation, although we do not agree with some of his conclusions. He writes of the novel in question:

"I do not recall any American novel of a semi-historical character which is at once so intricate in its disclosures of manners and men, so courageous in dealing purely with historic figures and so full of vitality, variety and charm."

The able Philadelphia American in a criticism that would make two columns of the Messenger for Sunday, distinguished for its sobriety of judgment as well as general correctness of analysis, says:

"Dr. Weir Mitchell brings trained skill as a narrator to his noble task of reproducing the great characters of a great time upon the stage of his book. . . . The book is none the less a masterly work of a true artist, broadly conceived, broadly treated, massing the great historic events in proper proportion and between them the incidents of romance flow without break or confusion."

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, American author, essayist and politician, of New York, writes of it:

"I am almost tempted to say that with the exception of Cooper's 'Spy' it is the only successful revolutionary novel that I know. It is more than a merely interesting and powerful book, for it has in it the element of permanence."

RELIGIOUS EDITORIALS FOR SUNDAY.

Forgiveness of injuries may be hard to do, but it is absolutely necessary to be done. The Bible teaches us that we must all forgive our enemies and do good to those who despitefully use us. It is a principle of Christianity, and is the outcome of the Holy Spirit when He dwells within us. Forgiveness of those who injure or wrong us is a Christian virtue that only the Holy Ghost can impart. When you receive the Spirit of adoption and are freed from the "yoke of bondage"—from the dominion of sin, you are indeed made "free" and have for the first time in your life "liberty." It is, as we are told, "truth shall make you free." When this freedom from sin comes to the soul then cleansing comes with it as

Oh, How Thankful

Pain Was Maddening and Hope Had Been Abandoned—Wonderful Results of Purifying the Blood.

"A very severe pain came in my left knee, which grew worse and worse, and finally a sore broke out above the knee. It discharged a great deal and the pain from my high down was maddening. Large, hard, purple spots appeared on my leg. I suffered in this way for years, and gave up all hope of ever being cured. My wife was reading of a case like mine cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and she advised me to try it. I began taking it and when I had used a few bottles I found relief from my suffering. Oh, how thankful I am for this relief! I am stronger than I have ever been in my life. I am in the best of health, have a good appetite and am a new man altogether." J. P. MOORS, Lisbon Falls, Maine.

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a necessary concomitant. You have "redemption through His blood," your sins are forgiven, and "ye are sanctified, ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our Lord." Note the words "in" and "by." Among the results of this mighty, marvelous change is the spirit of forgiveness. Writes the Apostle Paul in Ephesians: "And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." But there is a forgiveness that does not forgive. It is spurious, unsound, ruinous. When you forgive truly you forget also. You completely banish all wickedness, or revenge, all disposition to injure or retaliate or punish. You make a clean breast of all, wiping from the book of your own remembrance all evil purposes or desires and would bless and help instead of curse and harm. That very gifted and able southern Baptist preacher, Rev. Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, of Nashville now, has often a keen edge to his blade when he would slash wrong. In a sermon he preached in Atlanta nearly two years ago he said this most justly and strikingly:

"There is a sort of porcupine forgiveness that has a thousand needles on it, and in which there is more vindictiveness than love. You take a man who has offended you and set him down before the blow pipe of your indignation, and scorch him from head to foot, and then you forgive him, with the solemn admonition that if he should ever repeat the offense you will incinerate him. Sin is not covered by such charity. How unlike this was the forgiveness of the father in the parable, who saw the prodigal afar off, ran and fell on his neck, kissed him, and wept for joy."

"The noblest and the most Godlike response to an enemy is, 'I forgive you.' Polygus heard himself abused in a theatre. Unable to bear the indignity he went out and hanged himself. When the Greek comedians tried to offend Socrates by making him appear ridiculous, he laughed at them. When the Pasquins pronounced their bitter invectives against Augustus, he would not notice them. But when Jesus was flogged in mock royalty, spit upon, buffeted, and nailed to a cross, he said, 'Father, forgive them.'"

An educated young man, a Methodist we think, some few weeks since, told us that he had heard, as a matter of course, we suppose, that we believed in the second coming of Christ. We pity the man who does not so believe, for there is possibly more said in the Bible as to the second coming of the Saviour than was said of His first coming until the Advent was an accomplished fact. Read Acts 1, 11. "Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Then turn to John's Gospel, 14, 3: "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." Yes, He will come again and in great glory, but we do not pretend to know the time. What God says He will do will be done, and do not you forget it. As far back as 1851 the eminent Biblical scholar and Presbyterian theologian, the Rev. David Brown, professor of theology in Aberdeen university, Scotland, published a work on "Christ's Second Advent." He was a post-millennialist and said this: "With them (the pre-millennialists), we affirm that the Redeemer's second appearing is the very pole-star of the Christ." We are not concerned here with the two theories—the pro and pre. We simply say the Bible is perfectly clear as to the second coming. Christ himself said that He was coming again and he said it in John xiv, 2, 33; John xxi, 22; Mark viii, 38; Mark xiv, 62; Paul asserted it in I Thes., iv, 16, and in Rev. i, 7, John states it.

Turn to your Bible and read in chapter 2nd, of Paul's Letter to the Ephesians from the fourth to ninth verse inclusive. The passage is too long to copy here. Read carefully. You will find it to contain a little Gospel, setting forth in fullness and completeness the great and merciful redemptive scheme of salvation from God by and through Jesus Christ the Lord. It is all compact of truth, and is indeed a most marvelous statement of the love and mercy of God. Like so much of Paul's writings it is rich in expression and cumulative in doctrine. Unlike some other passages by him it is not difficult to catch the meaning of it. It will be remembered that the Apostle Peter said of "brother" Paul that he wrote some things hard to be understood and that are difficult to be understood of the people to this hour. From the days of Calvin and James Arminius—hence the two words Calvinism and Arminianism to express two great opposing systems in theology—and of Episcopius and Grotius, and on to the time of the great Puritan divines and on farther to the days of John Wesley and Augustus Toplady and sweeping on by the very able Jonathan Edwards, who wrote his celebrated work on "Election," and Richard Watson, author of the famous "Theological Institutes," and on still farther to the time of Dr. Hodge and Dr. R. L. Dabney and Dr. Thorneycroft and Dr. Bledsoe and Bishop Randolph Foster and Dr. Pope (English) the bat-

tle of antagonizing doctrine based on Paul's letters and other New Testament writings, have been fought, some times with excessive heat, and some times with the temper of a saint, as in the case of John Fletcher of Madeley. To return for a moment to the passage above referred to in Ephesians. It is a lucid but severe statement in its conciseness, of God's plan of saving sinners from the wrath to come. It is well worthy of close scrutiny and reflection. There is nothing lacking in the Ephesian passage, if so brief, to point the way to heaven and encourage the lost sinner to turn to God and live. There are similar statements, equally brief or even more so to be found in the New Testament. There are seven of these little Gospels in all that contain the very substance and marrow of the whole Gospel of the Son of God. We will state where they may all be found so they may be studied in their wonderful condensation. You will find them in John's Gospel iii, 16; Romans, x, 8; Paul's letter to Titus, xi, 14; I Peter, ii, 24; Hebrews, ii, 14, 15; Corinthians, i, 30; and as above given—Ephesians, ii, 4, 9. God willing in our next Sunday religious talks, we will consider briefly the statement in Ephesians. In the meantime read it over carefully.

HOME FOLKS.

Because Judge Simonton, a federal official, rides around on free passes on railroads Governor Russell thinks he must do so too. If Simonton does wrong the tariff must say "Me Too." But that is very "thin" and is not like Russell's autocratic nature. The fact remains that while "cussing out" the railroads he accepts their favors "with thanks." That is a side-light that reflects another feature of the make-up of the governor-judge.

The Pinehurst Outlook is the name of a new eight page weekly. The initial number is before us and it is the nearest of all neat North Carolina papers, well filled with news and reading. The publisher is Mr. F. T. Spinney, and the editor is Mr. Arthur T. Spinney. The price is \$1 a year. It will be independent in politics, but it "shall ever be ready to advocate all measures looking to the best interest of our people, regardless of the party proposing them." The Messenger wishes success to all concerned and hope they will find North Carolina alike pleasant and profitable as a home.

This is from the Scotland Neck Commonwealth, one of our valued state exchanges:

"Mr. J. R. Tillery told the editor of the Commonwealth a few days ago that some time in the thirties when it was first proposed to build a railroad from Wilmington to Weldon and track it with iron, Mr. Benjamin Edmunds, who lived in the upper part of Halifax county, said that there was not enough iron in the world to do it."

It recalls what we heard an old negro say at Halifax early in the late war. The first train of cars that passed through the historic town containing soldiers was very long. They were filled with Georgians hurrying to Virginia and numbered 1,200 or so. Many citizens had gathered at the depot, and when the long train went by the soldiers were on platforms and with heads out of windows. An old darkey looking on was amazed and said: "I didn't know dar was dat many fokes in dis world." Like Mr. Edmunds he had lived too much at home. We knew Mr. Edmunds personally. He was a man of large estate.

STATE PRESS.

As we expected, Hon. A. Leazar, superintendent of the state penitentiary during Governor Carr's administration, comes back at Auditor Ayer, and says to a Winston Journal reporter, "that notwithstanding the assertions of Mr. Ayer, that the institution has never been self sustaining and never can be made so he made it self supporting in 1896 and paid all expenses of that year with the money made by the institution." Our informant said that under a continuation of such management would have paid its expenses during 1897. Of course no one will say that farming—the only resource the inmates had during the past few years—will pay every year. But it supported the penitentiary last year, and there is nothing save the partisan, ignorant, incompetent mismanagement of the present year to cause it to fall behind—Asheville Citizen.

Those students of history who recognize the racial difference between the negro and the anglo saxon know that the negro is unfitted for self government. Many centuries of slavery and despotism have caused him to worship power, and the more absolute it is the more intense his reverence for it. Two thirds of the earth's population, as all travelers in the Orient know, inherit that disposition and possess it today. None but an insane person would dream of bestowing the right of participating in the business of government upon the peasants of those countries. Yet the negro, the civilized slave of America votes more solidly on the side of disorder, and commits more crime by far than in the first days of political intoxication. In other words, he exhibits his racial unfitness for self government in an increasing degree as the old-time relation of master and slave recedes from view.—Fayetteville Observer.

Something to Know

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centres in the stomach, gently stimulates the liver and kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off the impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c and \$1.00 per bottle at R. R. Bellamy's Drug Store.

Rose Bonheur, the celebrated animal painter, is very fond of monkeys and has several about her home and in her study. They accompany her in her rambles and answer readily to their respective names.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Last Tuesday tobacco sold as high as \$40 a hundred pounds at Oxford.

A handsome portrait of the late Dr. Columbus Durham adorns a niche in the First Baptist church, says the Durham Statesman.

Weldon News: The saw mill of Mr. LaFayette Powell, near town, was destroyed by fire Friday evening. The fire is supposed to have originated from a smoldering fire in the engine. The saw were burned down and the engine and boiler ruined. The loss is about \$350.

Sam Lee, a Chinaman who recently established a laundry in Concord, has skipped. A new steam laundry drove him out. In conversation with a patron concerning the effect a steam laundry would have upon his business, the Chinaman said: "Damned steam laundry washes, no good."

Greensboro Telegraph: Joe Morgan, a carpenter, went to the circus Saturday, pulled out his wallet containing \$127 and paid for his ticket. Placing the wallet back in his pocket he started for the entrance of the show and before getting inside the tent was "touched" by someone of the light fingered gentry and relieved of his money.

Gastonia Gazette: After suffering for a number of years with consumption, Rev. J. Frank Hoke died last Monday afternoon at Cherryville, aged 46 years, 11 months and 29 days.—Sam Byrd, a notorious negro outlaw, was shot and killed, was captured in town last Friday night by Policemen Carroll and Williams. They did a neat piece of work and did it quickly, within an hour perhaps after they learned he was in town. Byrd had shot about six men.

Raleigh News and Observer: Alleghany county was the scene of another murder. Wednesday afternoon at 1 o'clock, in Alleghany county, a man named Johnson shot and instantly killed a man named Murphy and dangerously wounded the latter's brother. Johnson was placed in jail at Sparta last night. A disagreement in regard to sale of rent corn was the cause of the murder. This makes three murder cases for the month of Alleghany county, which does not convene until next March.

Lumberton Robesonian: The plant of the Maxton Manufacturing Company was destroyed by fire last Thursday afternoon. The loss is estimated at \$8,000, with no insurance. J. C. McCaskill is the principal owner of the company, and announced we understand, that he will rebuild. While the hall of the 16th did no damage in and around Lumberton, other sections of the county were not so fortunate. The Aspholite section suffered considerably. We learn that cotton was beaten out and damaged and that considerable injury was done to the pea crop.

Oxford Ledger: A large number of our people last Thursday had the pleasure of meeting for the first time in Oxford, Mr. S. E. Evans, of Brassfield township. He was quite a nice looking old gentleman of 65 summers, with bright eyes, open countenance and quite talkative. He said it was his first visit to his county town, although he was raised within fifteen miles of Oxford and was 65 years old. He fought through the war—Monday night about 9 o'clock some one went to the house of Mollie Henderson, a colored, near Minor Warehouse, and asked for another woman; was told that she did not live there, and then without provocation, it is said, deliberately shot a ball through the door. A woman named Lewis and her small son, Charley, lived there, and the boy was sitting on a table with the door with his legs crossed and the ball entered the bottom of his raised foot going not quite through.

Winston Sentinel: Rev. Thomas Parish, a Baptist divine and a member of the Masonic lodge at Elkin, died last evening on the South Side. He moved here some time ago from Elkin. He was in the same circumstances and will be buried by the Lodge here at 10 o'clock Ridge at 10 o'clock tomorrow.—It is learned that Mr. Will X. Coley, who has sold the Daily Times, will move to Raleigh for another woman; was told that she did not live there, and then without provocation, it is said, deliberately shot a ball through the door. A woman named Lewis and her small son, Charley, lived there, and the boy was sitting on a table with the door with his legs crossed and the ball entered the bottom of his raised foot going not quite through.

Having used three bottles of P. P. P. for impure blood and general weakness and having derived great benefit from the same, having gained 14 pounds in weight in four weeks, I take great pleasure in recommending it to all unfortunate like.

Yours truly,
JOHN MORRIS,
Office of J. N. McElroy, Druggist,
Orlando, Fla., April 20, 1897.

Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga. Dear Sirs:—I sold three bottles of P. P. P. large size yesterday, and one bottle small size today.

The P. P. P. cured my wife of rheumatism winter before last. It came back on her the past winter and a half bottle, \$1 size, relieved her again, and she has not had a symptom since.

I sold a bottle of P. P. P. to a friend of mine, one of the turtles, small one, took sick and his wife gave it a teaspoonful, that was in the event; and the little fellow turned over like he was dead, but next morning he was hallowing and well.

Yours respectfully,
J. N. McELROY,
Savannah, Ga., March 17, 1891.

Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga. Dear Sirs:—I have suffered from rheumatism for a long time and did not find a cure until I found P. P. P., which completely cured me.

Yours truly,
ELIZA JONES,
16 Orange St., Savannah, Ga.

Near Way Cross, Ga., L. A. Harris and Miss Williams were in the midst of an elopement flight when they became conscious of something under the buggy seat. Presently one of the young woman's small brothers bobbed up from under the seat. The little fellow happened to be awake when the elopement began, and, catching on to the racket, stepped out and crawled under the seat, accompanied them on their romantic journey, and saw the ceremony performed.

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